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# Gallery and Studio

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

A TOURNAMENT OF CRITICS—ADDITIONS TO THE MUSEUM—A NEW PORTRAIT OF FRANKLIN—MINOR EXHIBITIONS.



HE signs of a portentous battle begin to appear. Some precious ink has already been shed and much more must evidently be poured out before either Guelphs or Ghibellines will be pacified. It is true this internecine conflict among the æsthetes of Boston is

over a fine, Florentine, fourteenth-century sort of question—the Dante Rossetti at the Art Museum. But when our æsthetes get their blood up, either those who hold that art has slumbered since the dark ages till the English (or rather Irish) school was reared on Ruskin's preaching and Rossetti's poetry, or those who hold that the English school is absolutely nil, there is likely to be a scathing, hurtling flight of invectives and adjectives, piteous and unsparing, which let pious, peaceable lovers of art, without regard to schools and centuries, shut their ears against. For great reputations are ruthlessly rent, and idols that have been worshipped for ages are overthrown, and venerable monuments of art are rudely bombarded with ink-balls.

It must be admitted that this time the English school began it. A brilliant young writer, till then unknown, but who had evidently thoroughly saturated himself with Ruskin and Rossetti, burst forth unheralded into panegyrics loud and long over the photographs of Rossetti and Burne Jones at the Museum. At first people smiled and passed his enthusiastic articles by. But as they went on and on they found that if it was madness there was method in it, and not only method, but sound culture and high conscience—in short, that enthusiasm for art, that ready-to-die-at-the-stake dedication to art that has been worked up by the Ruskin cult, if nothing else has, and which must ever secure it importance and influence in the progress and history of art among the great English-

speaking peoples. Well, after this young disciple and consecrated critic had held the town with his eloquence for some weeks, and the people had flocked to the black-and-white room, at the Museum, where the precious photographs are exhibited—till then for months without attracting more than a casual visitor—fairly blocking the pictures with slips of The Transcript in their hands, trying faithfully to discover wherein the undoubtedly mystic but surely rather odd, not to say "funny," figures corresponded to his rapturous descriptions—the patience of art lovers of the old school could stand it no longer. The doughty "S," hero of a hundred fights in Boston criticism, put his lance in rest, and with a rush, in two columns, of his peculiar epigrams rode down upon the idolatrous mob as they stood there sunk in servile, duped superstitious worship before a false altar. Pre-Raphaelitism, he de-

his scorn of English art. Well, Ralph shouldn't have gone so far, either, as to skip from Raphael to Rossetti as though all were empty paint and technique between. "S" declares Rubens the Shakespeare on canvas of humanity and the universe, and waxed as eloquent and incoherent in his noble wrath as Ralph had been elegant and logical in his setting forth of the literary school of English art. Altogether, the combat has been a notable episode in our local art chronicles. Its best significance is that our people are paying an ardent, if not very well-directed or very well-nourished, court to art. But we have made some progress and acquired some resources since the epoch described by Henry James, I believe, in one of his international stories, when an æsthetic and culture-seeking circle would gather enraptured around a set of Flaxman's outlines, and discover deep significances in the flow-

ers of that "hortus siccus pale and dead."

The Art Museum authorities have decided to omit the annual exhibition of American art this winter. No changes in the hanging of the pictures lent to the permanent collection call for notice at the present writing. But there are several additions to the various collections of objects that must prove of exciting interest to bric-à-brac experts. The Brinkley collection of Chinese, Japanese and Korean pottery will remain in the Museum all winter. This collection comprises twelve large cases, holding about eight hundred and fifty pieces, many of them of rare interest. Dr. O. Rogers, a New Hampshire collector



PORTRAITS OF THREE LADIES OF THE RUSHOUT FAMILY.

FROM THE MINIATURE BY ANDREW PHINER, IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. EDWARD JOSEPH, OF LONDON. [SEE OPPOSITE PAGE.]

clared, was indulgence in the prattle of childhood when one is grown up! That for the mystic cult that had been swallowed with such avidity for the past fortnight! Somewhere the doomed Mr. Ralph (the panegyrist of the Rossettis) had spoken of the sensual soullessness of Rubens. This it was that had stirred "S's" ire, above all else. How he did score the English art pigmies for that! Why, they were to Rubens as toadstools to a date-palm—feeble in spirit, without skill in drawing or painting, morbid and unhealthy—and their admirers were as maudlin and mawkish as themselves. Morland and his pigs "S" declared fit exemplars of the English art, and in his righteous indignation he even went so far as to yoke "Wilkie, Walter Cranes, Pinafores, Landseers, Hogarths, Kate Greenaways, Pirates of Penzance," etc., together in

of Chinese ceramics, has lately placed his valuable array on the shelves of the Museum, and Dr. Charles G. Weld has deposited here his rich collection of sixty-five Japanese swords.

Prof. Grandmann, the head of the Museum school of drawing and painting, has achieved a happy success, by the way. A large decorative portrait of Benjamin Franklin having been ordered of him for a public banquet hall in this city, he set to work with the materials available, and by a thoughtful and fortunate combination of them produced a portrait that at once impresses by its likelihood and charms by its expression. It represents the Yankee sage at a quite venerable age, seated in an easy, half-lounging attitude, his lips as if moving in a smiling conversation and a fascinating air of benevolence and "bon-



hommie" beaming from his countenance. His silvery locks descending upon his shoulders and his light mulberry velvet coat and waistcoat give a pleasant harmony of color to the canvas. But the best proof of the success of this idealization of the oft-painted subject is the fact that the photographs from it have been sold faster than they have been printed, and especially strong is the demand for it in Philadelphia, where naturally more souvenirs of Franklin in every form exist than anywhere else.

The exhibition, at the Art Club, of the association of students of the Art Museum School has been more than the usual success this year, and called out the warmest compliments. Progress is evident from year to year, and there is no sign of falling off in the attendance or the earnestness of the students. The school, which is now graded so that it works with the uneventful regularity of any college, is evidently a Boston institution that has come to stay.

Exhibitions of individual artists have come on very slowly this season. It does not seem to have been a fruitful year with our painting fraternity, or else there is so little promise of a harvest of buyers in the prevailing depression of business that they do not care to hurry about bringing forward their summer's work. Only two or three such exhibitions have been thus far made. Among the more notable was that of Mrs. Lombard of flower pieces in oils. Here was a gallery full of flower pictures alone. The effect was singular, almost cloying, as of a flower-show in a hall. Yet the collection stood it well, and even pleased because of the cleanness, truth and sincerity of the color—neither conventional, as after a recipe, nor tortured and dirty with trying and blundering, but fresh and individual in each of the numerous canvases, as the different bunches of roses, daisies or chrysanthemums themselves. And yet Mrs. Lombard is but a beginner as a professed painter. Mr. J. H. Caliga has also been making a notable exhibition of his studio and pictures combined. His dashing ambition and cleverness are well known to you, and his show of "stunning" sketches and studio properties and adornment fulfilled the expectations aroused by his elaborate cards of invitation.

BOSTON, Dec. 1, 1884.

GRETA.

A SLOVENLY worker is generally a poor painter. Munkacz often painted on his colossal pictures in a dress suit, and his work may have been better for it.

#### EDMOND AND JULES DE GONCOURT.

THE names of the brothers Edmond and Jules de Goncourt\* occupy an illustrious place in the literary and artistic annals of modern France. Their manifold intellectual life has had an influence which no critic would any longer venture to dispute. As collectors they have formed in certain directions the taste

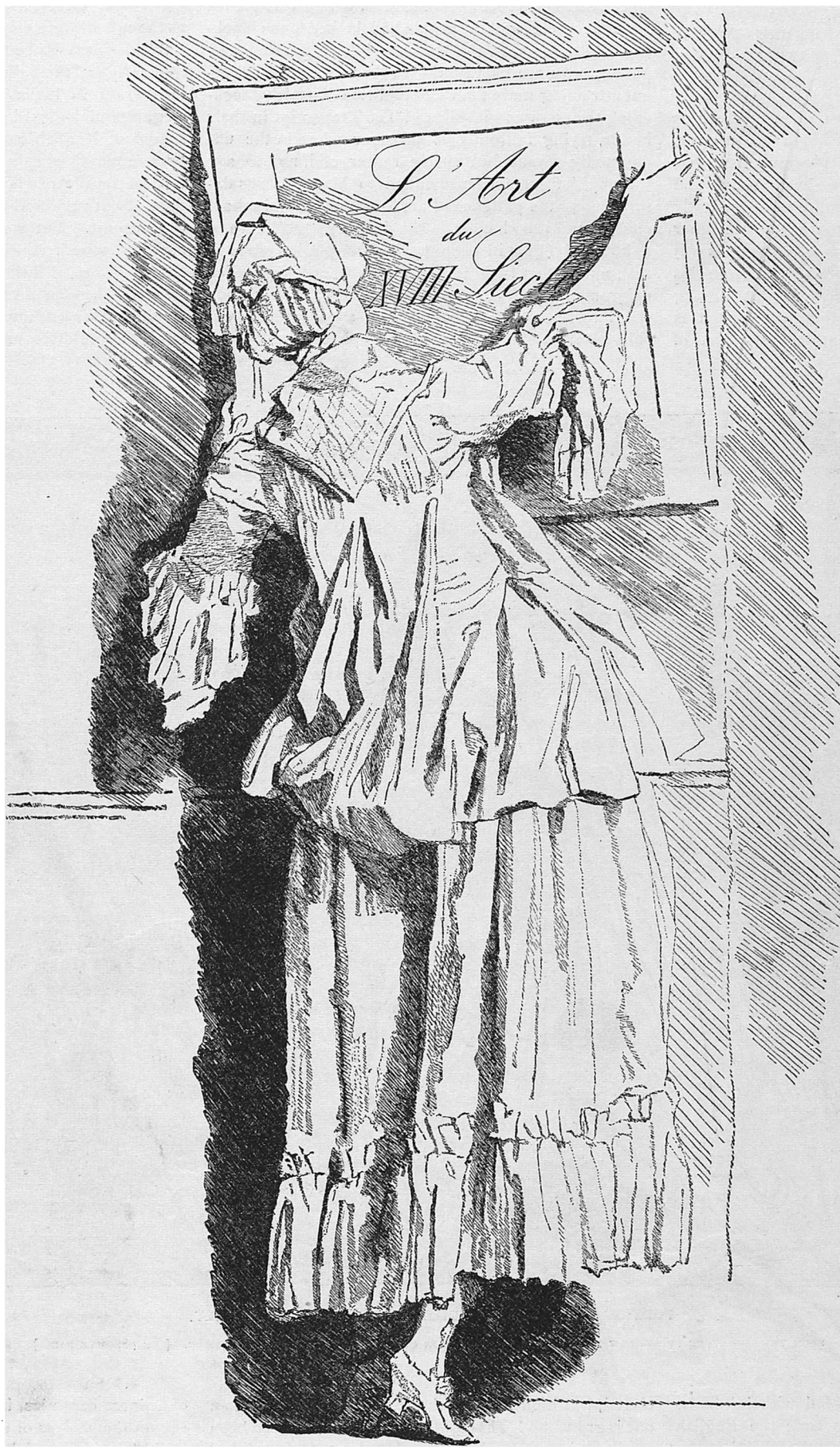
research; in fiction they were the first to strike into that path of realism in which Flaubert and the modern French novelists have won their fame. In their novels as in their historical work, in their studies of contemporary life as in their monographs on the last century, their object has been the same: to reproduce with scrupulous and minute exactitude the incidents, the circumstances, the conditions, the

manner of living and thinking, the preoccupations, the distractions, the amusements, the foibles, the characteristics of all kinds, the profound expressiveness, the "intimité" or subtle sense of originality of the life of each epoch—in short, to set forth all that is most inward and peculiar in the moods and manner of apprehension of the men of the eighteenth and of the men of the nineteenth centuries.

This intense study of the eighteenth century, of its history, of its literature, and, above all, of its art, formed, together with a practice of art itself, the literary apprenticeship of MM. de Goncourt and their preparation in style and in method for the composition of that brilliant galaxy of fiction in which Renée Mauperin and Manette Salomon are stars of the first magnitude. Jules de Goncourt while still a schoolboy used to pass his leisure hours copying caricatures from Punch and lithographs by Gavarni. Edmond had equally strong artistic tastes; and when their school-days were over the two brothers resolved to devote their lives to art. In June, 1849, they made a knapsack journey through France, and crossed over to Algeria, filling their albums with sketches and their minds with minute observations of nature and humanity.

This study of painting Jules continued on his return to Paris, devoting ten and twelve hours a day to water-color. Finally, the two brothers burnt nearly all their work, and passed the year 1851 in the composition of a book which appeared the very day of the coup d'état, under the enigmatic title, "En 18—," a wild artist's book like Gautier's "Mademoiselle de Maupin," written in a nervous, ultra-refined style,

rich in terms borrowed from the slang of the studios and the vocabulary of the enthusiastic antiquarian, full of disdainful criticisms, furious tirades, and delicate observation, in the midst of which we discern the commencements of the tastes that were destined to distinguish the writers—the worship of the art of the eighteenth century, the love of rare books, exquisite bindings, porcelain de Saxe and Japanese bowls. The description of a room in "En 18—," in



FACSIMILE OF THE FRONTISPIECE OF "L'ART DU XVIII SIÈCLE." ETCHED BY JULES DE GONCOURT.

of their contemporaries, and as writers they have done much to create a new kind of history and a new kind of fiction. In history they were the first to attempt to reconstitute the past by the aid of minute and varied historical, literary, artistic and archæological

\* Edmond Louis Antoine and Jules Alfred Huot de Goncourt, born respectively in 1822 and 1830, grandsons of Jean Antoine Huot de Goncourt, deputy in the National Assembly of 1789. Jules de Goncourt died at Auteuil, June 20, 1870.



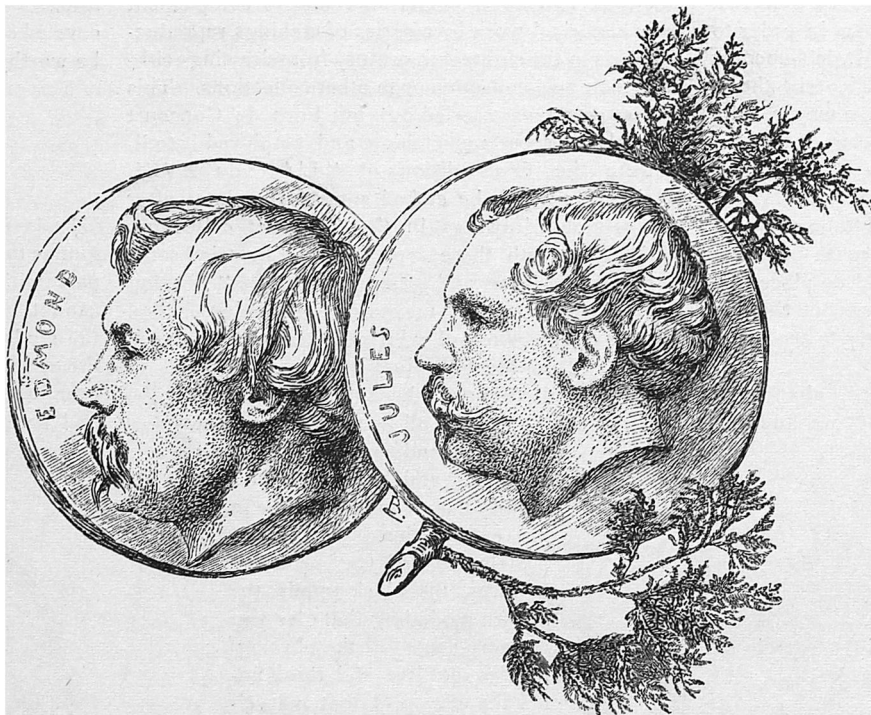
which the brothers had arranged the decoration according to their fancy, caused one eminent critic to declare the writers to be fit only for Bedlam. Those same writers, however, had the satisfaction of seeing their tastes imposed on a whole epoch, and we can only now record as a curious fact that thirty-five years ago the love of Japanese art was regarded by an enlightened critic as a symptom of lunacy.

After the publication of "En 18—" the brothers abandoned the serious study of painting, and began those critical and historical studies which resulted in a complete history of the eighteenth century, from Louis XV. to Napoleon, comprised in monographs on the Duchesse de Chateauroux, Mme. de Pompadour, Mme. du Barry and Marie Antoinette, in their history of society during the Revolution and the Directory, in their "Portraits Intimes du XVIII. Siècle," and in their "L'Art du XVIII. Siècle," which has been rewritten and completed, since his brother's death, by M. Edmond de Goncourt, and recently published, with great material splendor, by Quantin. Then, their historical studies being completed in the main, the brothers applied their methods of study and observation to the

It has been the privilege of MM. de Goncourt, as we have seen above, to be in advance of their age

Subsequently, Taine appropriated the method of the Goncourts, and applied it coarsely and without finesse

either of sentiment or of observation, and nevertheless he obtained the credit of an invention which is not his own. So too in their artistic tastes the brothers De Goncourt were precursors and in advance of their age. When, years ago, they began to form their now incomparable collection of drawings of the masters of the eighteenth century, they were ridiculed.\* A bid of five or ten dollars at an auction for a sanguine by Watteau, a bistre by Fragonard, or a drawing by Boucher, was the signal for ohs! and ahs! and snuffings of pity and contempt from the despisers of that French school whose works are sold at the present day almost for their weight in banknotes. Thirty years ago the quais, the old bookstores, the bric-à-brac shops of Paris were full of portfolios of drawings by Baudouin, Cochin, Saint-Aubin, Watteau and Boucher, to be had for a few francs. In the auction sales the exquisite pastels of La Tour rarely sold for more than a dollar and a half. As M. Edmond de Goncourt has remarked in his charming account of his treasures, "La Maison d'un Artiste" (2 vols., 1881), nothing was easier

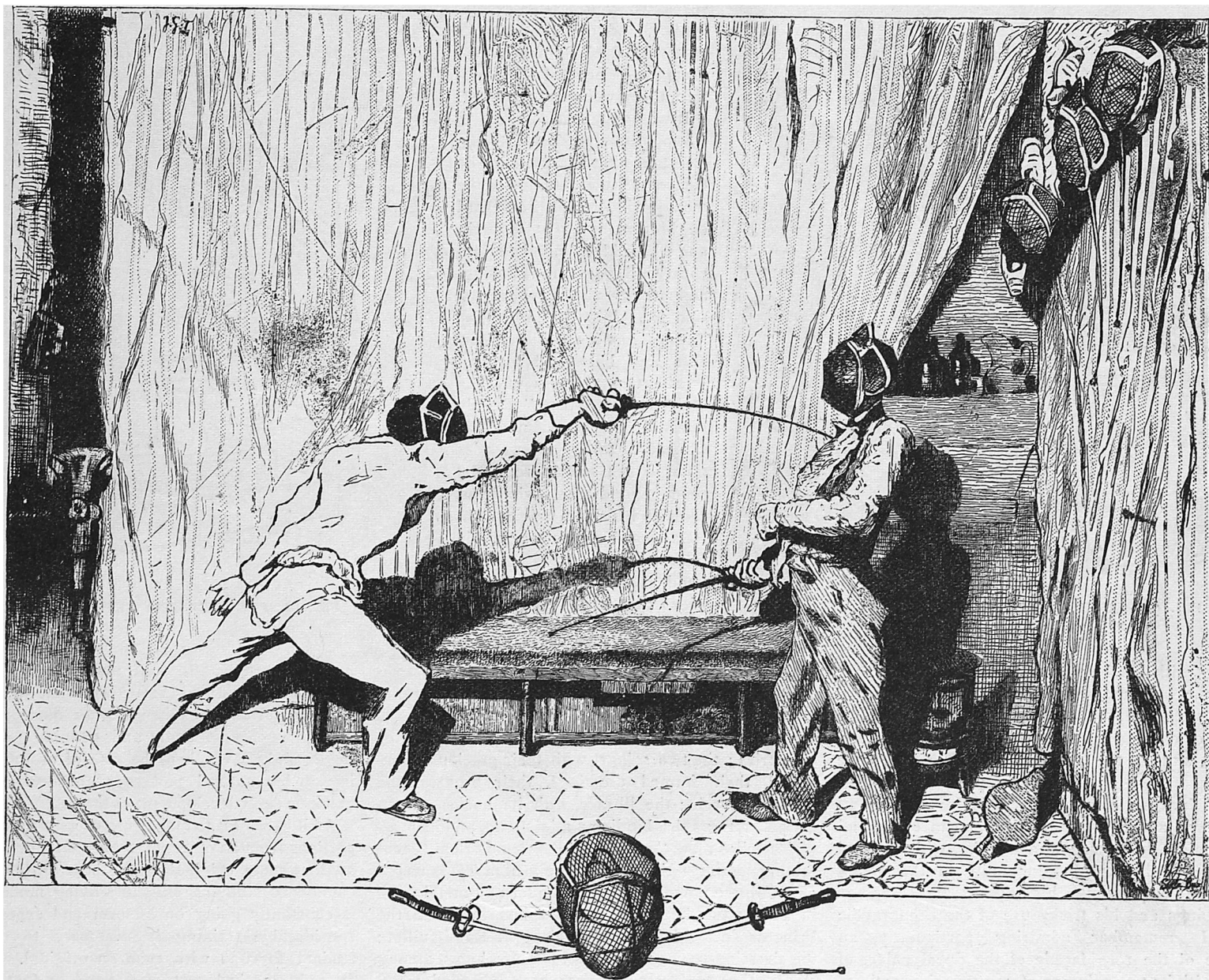


PORTRAITS OF EDMOND AND JULES DE GONCOURT.

FACSIMILE OF A RARE ETCHING OWNED BY MR. THEODORE CHILD, OF PARIS.

in their artistic tastes as well as in their literary and historical methods. Their treatment of the his-

in his charming account of his treasures, "La Maison d'un Artiste" (2 vols., 1881), nothing was easier



THE FENCING-SCHOOL.

FACSIMILE OF AN ETCHING BY JULES DE GONCOURT.

living society of to-day, and began that series of remarkable stories in fiction which M. Edmond de Goncourt is still happily continuing.

tory of the eighteenth century was in the spirit of Augustin Thierry, but after a method which bore the mark of their own very pronounced individuality.

and cheaper at that time than to make a fine collec-

\* About a hundred of these drawings have been reproduced in photographic fac-simile by the Braun process.

tion of drawings of the eighteenth century, "only there was in the atmosphere such an enormous disdain for that school, the painters that you knew pitied you with such sad looks, you passed for a man so utterly deprived of taste, that you needed to have a great contempt for the opinion of others in order to make such a collection." Happily, MM. de Goncourt had the necessary contempt, and, confident in themselves, they went on working in their own way in spite of discouragement and brutal criticism. Finally, however, success has come, and now Edmond and Jules de Goncourt are acclaimed masters in the modern school of fiction; they are held to be standard authorities on the history of the eighteenth century; and no price is considered too high and no place in a gallery too honorable for the masterpieces of that art which they were the first in this century to recognize and to appreciate.

Jules de Goncourt, as we have seen, abandoned painting as a career in 1850, but in 1855 we find him

etchings, which are much esteemed by collectors of rarities. After a second journey to Italy to complete the studies for the novel of "Madame Gervaisais" Jules de Goncourt abandoned water-color altogether, and took to etching. His idea was to complement their historical work by a series of etchings reproducing Paris in the eighteenth century from drawings either in their own collection or in other collections. This project was never carried out, but Jules de Goncourt learned the secrets of etching, and employed it to illustrate the first edition of "L'Art du XVIII. Siècle," for which he etched some forty plates after the original drawings in the Goncourt collection. While busy with these reproductions he tried some studies from nature, and, among others, the "Fencing School," with its bold movement, its modern action and strong drawing, of which the reader may form some idea from the reproduction given herewith. In short, Jules de Goncourt became absorbed with the passion of etching, with all its emotions and anxieties

of biting and retouching and "states," and he became singularly expert in it. Notice in his reproduction of La Tour's pastels the firm tracing of the features, the black pupils, the square modelling that give you the very accent of the physiognomies that live and think under the crayon of that marvelous portraitist. In short, while only citing Jules de Goncourt's water-colors as evidences of his artistic dispositions that might, if he had continued, have sufficed for his glory, one need not hesitate to say that as an etcher he has hardly been surpassed by professional aquafortists, and one can only regret with tripled intensity the premature death of the historian, the novelist and the artist.

It would be useless here to attempt any description of the treasures that the brothers de Goncourt have amassed in the modest villa of the Boulevard de Montmorency at Auteuil, and which M. Edmond de Goncourt still goes on increasing, an incurable victim to that passion for "bibelots" which, as he says, has made him miserable and happy all his life. In the two volumes of "La Maison d'un Artiste," already referred to, M. Edmond de Goncourt takes the reader through his house, room by room, and dwells lovingly on each of his most precious objects, showing him the vestibule (illustrated in the December number of *The Art Amateur*), with its leather paper gay with fantastic parrots and its studied disorder of pottery, Japanese

of art, resting from the composition of a page of his forthcoming novel by caressing a bronze or contemplating the restful brightness of an Oriental bowl, and hoping sincerely that his new book will have a good sale, so that he can indulge in the purchase of some coveted object that his perfect taste has pronounced to be worthy of his hospitality. THEODORE CHILD.

#### HOW TO MODEL IN CLAY.

##### III.—MODELLING FROM CASTS.

It is not only excusable, but necessary, for a beginner to take actual measurements of each and every part with callipers and compasses. The eye alone cannot be relied on till, after considerable practice, the student has been taught to see correctly. What the eyes see the hands can execute, no more. However fine the conceptions of the intellect may be, the eye and hand must be in sympathy with it to carry them

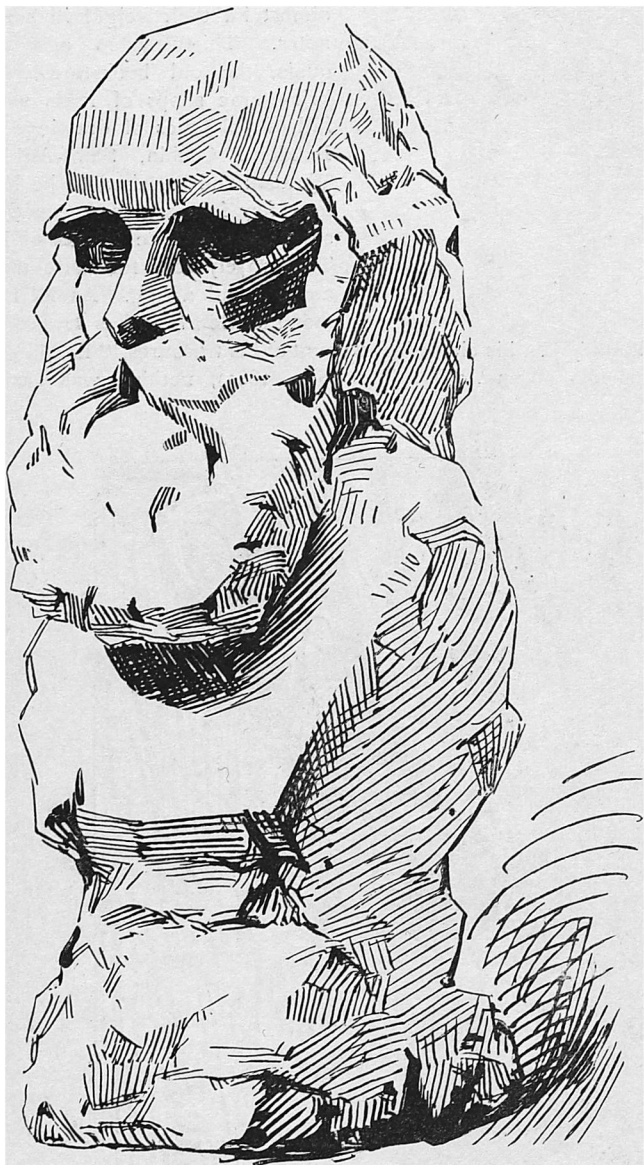


FIG. 9. ROUGH CLAY SKETCH OF A BUST.

travelling with his brother in Italy and once more filling the common note-books with sketches. Edmond's manuscript notes are accompanied by sketches of costume, physiognomy, nature, architecture, etc., and at the same time Jules made some larger aquarelles still precious preserved by his brother. In these aquarelles Jules de Goncourt shows that he was a draughtsman of no mean order, and that he might have become a colorist, with his bold contrasts and his curious ingenuity in the actual handling of his pigments, his wipings and scrapings and rubbings and his tricky use of the lithographic pencil. I remember admiring particularly an aquarelle of the rose façade of the ducal palace of Venice, with its two columns of gray marble, and another of the fish market at Rome, treated with a luminous expression that reminded me of Henri Regnault. In the impossibility of getting a satisfactory result out of a reproduction of these water-colors in simple black and white, we have chosen for the illustration of these notes some of Jules de Goncourt's

embroidery, terra-cottas by Clodion, faience plaques and the bright fukousas, mingled with eighteenth century drawings that hang on the maize ground of the wall of the staircase; the dining-room and its tapestries; the two salons, with their precious terra-cottas, their framed drawings, their bronzes and Sèvres marvels; the library, with its books, manuscripts, autographs, bindings, miniatures, and its mass of portfolios; the "cabinet de l'extreme orient," containing perhaps the choicest collection of Japanese and Chinese porcelain, ivory, lacquer and metal work in Paris; the bedroom, with its bed in which the Princess de Lamballe used to sleep at Rambouillet; the dressing-room, on whose walls are hung, among many other treasures, Chinese and Sèvres plates, a gouache by Mallet, Gavarnis and Bouchers, the whole forming a unique collection of which words—even the words of M. de Goncourt—can give but a faint idea. And, in the midst of these delightful surroundings, M. Edmond de Goncourt lives a modest bachelor's life, wrapped up in the cult of letters and



FIG. 10. FINISHED CLAY SKETCH OF A BUST.

out successfully. It does not matter much at the outset what the student sees; it is what he verifies that is of importance. When he has made this modest discovery, earnest study and genuine progress will begin, and not till then, the rate of progress depending on his natural powers of observation and the quick or slow development of them.

As it is easiest to make sure of your forms and proportions from an object that does not move or change, an inanimate original is the best for the student to commence studying on. In a living model a change is constantly going on in form and expression, and considerable training is necessary to enable the student to cope with such an original. A square, strongly marked cast of a hand or foot, however, affords an immovable as well as the most serviceable subject for first lessons in modelling. It is an original readily procurable, and at little cost, of any cast-maker or artist's material shop. Having obtained it, take a board of convenient size and put up the clay upon it, somewhat in the shape of the object to be copied.